



Lyunge and olde that lyte for to here
Of fordes done in the olde tyme
ABy the holy patryarkes that there were
Whiche descended of olde Adams lyne
Often the sonne of grace on them dyde wyne
For to rede this story it wyl do you moche good
Of Ibrahams lone that was fr the Noes flood
Unto one Rehecca this ylaac was marayd
Of age the uplye sayth he was. xl. yere
Indede his maydenhede so longe with hym tarayd
Jacob.

L. 6.



Left thou by somme treason me wolde haue slayne
Q May nay sayd Laban I wolde not do so
Not for all the trealour of Egypte
I am sorry that thou wylte from vs go
With thy asiles / camelles and thy shepe
I praye the Jacob my doughters well to kepe
And I trust than our lord god wyll blyste the
That thy geandfader woslyppro(one) in steve of thye.
Q So Jacob and Laban take leue of eche other
And deirited there with full heuy cheare
Laban prayed Jacob to remaunde hym to his brother
So forth they wente / and whan Elau dyde here
The lord arde the countre Jacob dwwe nere
Elau met hym with four hondred men
So sore alayde was never Jacob as he was then
Q He wende that Elau wold haue hym slayne
And with his chyldren fell to his brothers fite
Artysl sayd Elau of your comyng I am sayng
Whose be these women these chyldren and these shepe
With asiles and camelles all this herde of gete
Q dey be inynsayd Jacob I gyue them to you
Kepe them thy selfe sayd Elau to; I haue yow we
Q Chan was Jacob and his wyues glad
Q hat his brother Elau was so good and kynde
Jacchats countre meie and dynake they had
Jacob god hym prompted so dyde he tynbe
ylaschtis fader was ded that he lefte there behynde
Laben that he to the countre of aaron fledde
Rebecca his moner also was dede
Q han Jacob in the countre lyued at at his case
With bothe his wyues Rachell and Lea.

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Yonge and olde that lyste for to here
Of dedes done in the olde tyme
By the holy patryarkes that there were
Whiche descended of olde Adams lyne
Often the sonne of grace on them dyde hym
For to rede this story it wyl do you moche good
Of Abraham's lone that was syr the Noe's flood
Unto one Rebecca this plaas was marayed
Of age the vyble sayth he was. xl. yere
Indede his maydenhede so longe with hym taryed
Jacob.

J. G.



In yesterye longe tyme his wyfe nochylde dyde bere
In to our lorde god he made his prayere
Sende hym fruytee this woldre to multiply
In his wyfe conceyued as sceptre doth speyfge
No chldren in dede had Rebecca in her body
han they were quynche oftentymes they foughte
Good woman than meruayled gretely
It myght be and toke grete thought
Nekely our lorde god he besought
We soms knowlege what it myght sygnifge
Toke so grete sorow we y the teres fell fro her ey e
Our lorde that all kneweth sawe how she fared
With syngynge and syghynge euermore creyng
Of his gretē goodnes vnto her he appered
And sayd woman seale thy gretē wepyng
Two maner of people in thy body ts spryngynge
That shall be deluyered from thy wombe shortly
Of the whiche the feble shall ouercome the myghter.
At the last her tymē drewe very nere
The thowes sore thrylld her thoughte with Payne
All her body was fayne apalled was her cheare
So deluyered she was offayre chyldren twayne
The fyrd that yslued was rough Elau called by name
Than followed Jacob his broders fete holdynge
Last in his hande this was a meruaylous thyng
Whan that they drewe to age these two brother
Elau was a plowman a tyller of lande
And for pleasure ofte wolde he be a hunter
To walke erly and late with bowe in his hande
Jacob was losympyle at home wolde he stande
Alwaye with his moder so she loued hym better

Our lord for Jacob he wold his myght
That all the heestes or lambeis that fell daye or nyght
They were clene whyte the moost parte ywys
Than was he wrothe that his flocke was bygger than
¶ Jacob lpped that Laban frowned of chere (his
End tolde puruely his wyfe Rachell
That he wolde be gone so he laban dyde fere
Than he conuayed all his herdmen sofely and styll
And bad them hye w theyr heestes to Galatde þ hys hylt
Bothe with asles and camelleis thyder make hyenge
And my wyes w my. xii. lones after wyl I bryngē
¶ So foythe wente Jacob bothe with good and catell
And sent wyrde þ he was comyng to Elau hi. o. v.
Laban mynsed Jacob and had greee meruell
He kne we þ he was gone and se it wolde be none other
Yet wolde I kyssle my daughteris for I am theyr fader
It was tolde hym by a man of that countre
That Jacob was at mount galard of. viii. dayes tourney
¶ Than Laban rode after thus sayth the boke
On a good camell bothe nyght and daye
Yet at the last he Jacob overtoke
He asked of hym wheder he wolde that wape
Unto my countre sayd Jacob who wyl saye nape
Not I layd Laban but my chyldren kyssle I wolde
And thy xii. lones he sayd I loue better than golde
¶ There of all his kynred Laban toke his leue
And asked Jacob why he wente so hastely
you were wath layd Jacob and that dyde I preue
Yet. xx. yere I haue serued the besly
þ colde and to reyne att. nd. to thy husbandry
And to go from the lodeynly I was full fayne

¶ therwith to dyne by Joseph theyz owne broder
And all they entended that yonge chylde to murder.
¶ Poore Joseph toke theyz dyner and wente to y felde
His bretherne to leke the nerre waye dyde he go
He loked on every lyde and behelde
Them he coude not fynde he wepte than for wo
¶ The teres ranne from his eyen and not ferre hym fro
He sawe a man that asked what he had brought
My brethernes dyner for them haue I sought
¶ They bretherne sayd the man be on dotayne
There they ell spt on the hpe hyll
Beware thou ladde I tell the playne
If thou be Joseph they wyll the kyll
Therefore tourne home agayne and let them be styll
Without thou be wery of thy lyfe
One sayde for thy dreme thou sholdest dye on a knyfe
¶ Sir I trust my bretherne better than so
yet unto dotayne theyz dyner he here
Lo yonder cometh Joseph they all sayd tho
Whiche by nyght is so rovall a dremere
All though his herte ought to be in fere
For his fader shall he never se ne none of his kynne
yet do after my counsell sayd Rubyn
¶ Rubyn sayd bretherne he is of our owne blode
Let vs not kyll hym with swerde nor with knyfe
But bynde we his handes and laye hym on the floode
Soone the streme wyll bereue hym on his lyfe
So toke they Joseph that thought no syfe
And wrappyd his herte aboue his face
And layde hym on the fome there was no grace
¶ But as god wolde it was ebbynge water

¶ This is a copy of a MS. in the Bodleian Library
¶ The MS. is in two volumes, A. and B.
¶ Vol. A. contains the first part of the poem, and
¶ Vol. B. the second part.

BIBLIOTHECA
LAMBETHANA

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For in the same pyson by hym dryde they lye
¶ Thā these. it men ȳn to ȳ dongeon were brought
They had meruaylous d̄mes therē on a nyght
The butler in ȳ vynarde a cup of wyne he thought
He had in his hande all in pharaos syghe
Lordes & ladyes dranke therē bothe squyres & knyghtē
And euer he had thre grapes in his cup holdyng
All the people dranke & neuertheles was the wyne
¶ The baker thoughte that he helde on his sholder
A lappe full of b̄de that was newe bake
Than came therē wylde foules ȳ from hym dyd it bere
And euen with that bothe sodaynly gan wake
So vnto Joseph these wordes than they spake
Of they d̄mes and all the crouthē tolde
They prayed hym to lewe what it sygnysye sholde.
¶ Joseph sayd baker thou shalte be hanged bye
And byrdes shall here thy flesche awaye
Dethē thou must suffre there is no remedye
And the butler nedē not to tāye
For his olde offyce euer was I slay
He shall haue aud for euer kepe it s̄yll
And of kyngē Pharaos to haue all his wyll.
¶ Butler sayd Joseph yet remembre me
Whan thāe thou comest to thy offyce agayne
Where thou shalte of euery thyngē haue plente
Forgette not poze Joseph that lyeth here in payne
And yf thou here ony man on me do complayne
In chambre or hall at bedde or borde
I praye the gentyll butler ḡ yue me thy good wōrde
¶ The baker and the butler kyngē Pharaos wolde
On the morowē he sent for them bothe

Than founde they true all that Joseph tolde
The butler to his offyce that dage gothe
But th' pore baker totell you the sothe
On a gyfet he made his ende
The butler in pharaos courte than had many a stende
¶ So on a nyght bryng Pharaao in his bed laye
He thought in his slepe that myghty beestes leuen
Fayret nor fatter la we he never beforeze that daye
They etc coyne and grasse of them dyde he dreine
And euer he thought they came frome a streme
That was in the west and than do wone by a stome
These fayre beestes layde them to rest eyerthonne
¶ Than out of streme comynge he sawe as many mo
That came and etc vp all the yecene cleue
So feble than they were that they myght not go
For all that they had cozne yet were they lene
Than soleynly Pharaao woaked of his dreine
And called to hym his men this dreine to expounde
They wylt not what it mente all þ were in y groudne
¶ My lord sayd the butler thereto is one in your pryslonge
That you do hate your dreine can he tell
It is be Joseph sayd Pharaao go fetche hym soone
And of this matter yt he can shewe me well
I wyll forgyve hym my malyce euery dell
Than was lytell Joseph to the kyng brought
He wende he sholde dye therfore he toke grete thought
¶ Than pharaao to Joseph all his dreine tolde
And sayd canst thou tell me what it dothe mene
And thou shalte haue plente sayd Pharaao of golde
Syr sayd Joseph I wyll shewe the of thy dreine
What dyde sygnypkye the latte beestes leuen

yonc and elas fayne were hym to please
So they contynued in ioye many a longe daye
At the last Jacobs lone in his bedde laye
Whiche was brother to Benyamy
Bothe were Rachelles sones he had no more truely.
¶ This Joseph in his slepe dyde dreme
That the sonne and the mone bothe bowed to his fete
And fayne bryght sterres to the nombre of aleuen
Bowed to hym all this dyde he mete
Also he sawe a wonder that in any cheues of whete
Followed hym throughte our the lande
And his fader and his moder at his fete dyde stande.
¶ Yonc Joseph meruayled what that myght be
And on a daye he alaid of Jacob his fader
What that the dreme myght lygnysye
And tolde his fader all as is rehersed before
Blessyd be the tyme lone sayd Jacob þ thou were boþe
For whyle that I lyue that daye shal we se
That I with thy. et. bretherne for nedē must leke the
¶ The lone & the mone betokeneth me and thy moder
And the aleuen sterres be thy bretherne all
We shall haue nedē of the we can se none other
By my lyfe dayes this aduenture shall befall
All his sones than Jacob dyde forthcall
And whan they this knewe at Joseph they had enuye
Than they conlyyd his deþ and layd þ he sholde dye.
¶ Not longe after I vnderstande
The. xi. bretherne kepte theyz faders shepe
With many other beestes in theyz owne lande
As asles/camelles/ and also gete
Aboute tyme of the daye Jacob sente them mete

Jacob.

b.1.

Jacob & Esau Preacher, 1493

Our lord for Jacob he wed his myght
That all the beestes or lambes that fell dage
They were clene whiche the moost parte warden
Than was he whiche that his flocke was warden
¶ Jacob spyped that Laban frowned of there
And tolde pruyely his wyfe Rachell
H. A. 226 That he wolde be gone for he laban dyde fees
w. de
Wordes Than he conuayed all his herdmen solterly and
And had them hym w. the y^r beestes to Galadre
Bothe with asses and camelles thyder make h
And my wyes do my. xii. lones after wyl I b
¶ So for the wente Jacob bothe with good am
And sent wordes þ he was comynge to Esau his
Laban myssed Jacob and had grete meruell
He kne we þ he was gone and se it wolde be not
yet wolde I kylle my doughters for I am ther
It was tolde hym by a man of that countre
That Jacob was at mount galard of hit. dage
¶ Than Laban rode after thus sayth the boke
On a good camell bothe nyght and dage
yet at the last he Jacob ouertoke
He asked of hym wheder he wolde that wape
Unto my countre sayd Jacob who wyl sayen
Not I sayd Laban but my chyldren kylle I
And thy. xii. lones he sayd I loue better
¶ There of all his kynde Laban so
And asked Jacob why he wente so ha
you were wrath sayd Jacob and I
yet. xx. yere I serued the best
In colde and drye lande
And to go from the lo

MS. A. 12
131401

on me bothe myn ffre
A wylte from us go
us camelles and thy lyme
tho my daughters well to kepe
tham but lorde god wyll blysse the
Master worshyppe(d)one in stede of thre.
Whan Laban toke leue of eche other
ther therre wylt full heuy therre
Jacob to recomaunde hym to his brother
he wente and whan Esau dyde here
the countee Jacob drewe nece
m with fourre hondred men
Esau was yett Jacob as he was then
be that Esau wolde haue hym slayne
his chyldren fell to his brothers fete
I am of your compaynge I am slayne
no women these chyldren and these chepe
camelles all this herde of gete
my lard Jacob I gyue them to you
my lufe sayd Esau for I haue ynowe
ere and his wypes glad
Esau was so good and kynde
and dyngate they had
as led so dyde he fynde
Deed that he lefte there behynde
countee of aaron stede
was dede

Than after the dyde Esau than farnys hym selfe
¶ Esau was best belouyd yett of all the fabre
Bycause he atte ofte of the benyson that he tolde
And Iacob was in fauour with rebeckah his wifer
Thus may ye it fynde yf that ye wyll loke
Esau wente on hantynge thus saythe thereto
Allhadaye togyder without mete or brede
That whan he came home for hunger he was nere
¶ Whan he came in to the hall he sawe Iacob
There to his dynex than was Esau fayne
Holdynge a dysche of potage in his hande
Alacke sayd Esau for honger no we I do complain
In all this woldis is no greter payne
I praye the brother of thy potage let me ete wylle
Nay vwyds sayd Iacob thou getest none of me
¶ But if thou wylte sayd Iacob sell me thynge
In faych of these getest thou neuer a deale
And yf thou wylte daso holde here this potage
for fayntnes than Esau to the grounde fell
And sayd rather than dye my patrymony I
Nothynge wolde it profyte me yf I dye for he
for my bely weneth my throte is cut a sonder
¶ I am content sayd Esau yf thou take it so
Well than sayd Iacob yf thou wylte resyne
I wyll haue the swete as for thyng her ptag
Thou shalte neuer clayme and here laye han
Boore Esau thought it longe oþ that he myght
And sayd unto Iacob now take it so
Thy potage in my hande haue
¶ This bargamy
Esau eto the potage

Iacob

History of Jacob & his 2. 104.
sons. Herberf. 2. 2. 9.

to the Jacob hau no cause to be sadde
hers berprage ther dyde he clayne
womble made byt wene them twayne
Jacob thought to lyue full meryly
elanbe that Elau dyde set full lytell byt
Elau his fader wared blynde & myght not se
anape he called Elau his lone
dyd chylde Elau come hyder to me
lyfe dayes be nere hande done
go forth and fetche me some benyson
sone as thou doost it home bryng
nd thou shalte haue my blesynge.
dyde on his hauneyes for dzedre of brethes wylde
gyrdell acowes and in his hande a bowe
an by his owne moder Elau was begyled
sone as Rebecca dyde it knowe
he called Jacob and to hym dyde shewe
der and sayd yf thou wylte do after me
shall it le his faders blyssyng for he shall gyue it y
hou to the flocke and fetche me kyddes twayne
it that amonge them maye be founde
acob of this counseyle was full fayne
felde hasted hym swykely in that stounde
le of the best that were goynge in that grounde
ome to his moder he them brought
was begyled that no falschede thought
des fleshe Rebecca sodde grete plente
ste it in stede of benyson
synketh many a lye
Jacob to take the kyddes skyn
nd his necke therin
the rough of here

The foules were never gladder of the lyght
Than were they twayne for eche sale wod of
For Laban was Jacobsuncle Rebeccas owne
¶ There Jacob dyde them playnly to vnder
That he had wonne his faders blesynge
The gladder was Laban to haue hym in thre
He thought that plente sholde growe of euere
Bothe corne and grasse grete plente wold
Laban prayed Jacob thereto lede his lyfe
And he wolde gete hym Rachell to be his wyf
¶ There Jacob promysed to serche hym vix
With hym to abyde and be bothe true and p[ro]f[ect]e
And for to haue Rachell to be his ferre
Cyther of that bargayne was full fayne
All his yeres he serued bothe in colde and rafe
And on a day Laban marayed Jacob to Rachell
But as they were in bed brought Jacob w[or]ke
¶ The elder daughter that was called Lea
They brought to Jacobs bed vnknowynge
To hym and all nyght by his syde lape
But whan he saw her in the mynyng
He sayd there was vnynde delyuge
To bryng hym Lea for fayre Rachell
Jacob sayd to Laban thi s dede lyketh me n[ot]hing
¶ Sayre syr sayd Laban it is the lawe of thre
That the elder daughter syr[is] marayed shal
Bothe Lea and Rachell thou shalte haue
But other seven yere thou must dwelle with
Cherto I graunt sayd Jacob these yeres w[ill]e
And the nexte wosome agayne wylle The maray
Untosayre Rachell for her longe haue I ray

Chaypyn perre crede, so bado no imprias,
as he myt per Rachell bode longe harayne *Tellu.*
nce yued and bare her chylde Rabyne
sued Rachell in every bayne
eue the dyde Lea for all her chyldren
Somwhat blere eyped and had soze eyen
pm. x. lones the boke sayth playne
chell brought hym forth but twayne
it in that countre he had longe taryed
he bode out full. r. i. i. i. yere
his hole terme he had out serued
ichell I wyl tary no lenger here
labe wyll I go I neede not to feres
my brother I trust wyll be my frende
betwene to my countre wyll I wende.
to Laban that to Watsabe he wolde
wym byde with hym that yere
her he asked haue it he sholde
the lambes of dyuers color
wyte genunte me that to my hyre
a beest that blacke spotted be
I wyl monethes I wyl byde with the
shees and lambes I gyue the sayd Laban
blacke spotted be
for thyne whan they come fro the danie
acob for this hyre I wyl byde with the
Laban it shall not be broke n for me
ed roddes wher the Shepe sholde gone
mbes were spotted yere nye euerchone
yere after Laban sayd he wolde
spotted and Jacob than the whyte
In sede he haue sholde

MS. Fr. 12. v. 131401